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castic melody of "Se vuol ballare, Conte Almaviva," in its almost blasphemous misapplication to Keble's exquisite poem, "Sun of my soul." Besides these, I can learn of no other tunes whatever that are in any respect identified with particular poems in general Church use. In one of these instances, I am certain that the verses owe their acceptance entirely to the popularity of the tune commonly sung to them; but there are persons so insensitive to the great advantage of the suggestiveness of music, so dull to perceive its beneficial power, that even in this case, and in the three others just cited, they seek to supplant with other compositions the familiar tunes, and so to distract, confuse, and perplex whomever may sing, and whomever may hear their resetting, and to destroy the good effect which the undivided association of the same music with the same words cannot but induce.

Widely different is the practice in Lutheran Germany, where, for the most part, certain hymns are as invariably sung to certain tunes as our National Anthem and our 100th Psalm. An unfailing consequence of this is, that any one of these tunes serves as aptly for a motto in a musical work, as would a quotation of the text to which it belongs in a literary composition, and as clearly brings the sense before the mind of an audience. We in this country, consequently, lose a chief part of the charm, if not of the beauty, of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and some other of his sacred works, from our not knowing in connection with their subjects the Choral tunes wherewith these are interspersed; and the English composer is deficient of a means of illustration that Bach and all the musicians of North Germany have employed with infinite advantage. To prove this loss, let it be supposed that an audience, familiar with the hymn, "Sleepers wake, a voice is calling," in association with its tune, heard this choral melody after the representation of the miracle that wrought St. Paul's conversion; and everybody will understand how different an impression the tune in that situation must make upon the intelligence of such an audience, from what would be possible were even as good a tune capriciously chosen for the words, that might be named Chester, or London New, or St. James's.

I pretend not that the claims of musicians, here briefly indicated, are likely to weigh in the balance of church proprieties. When recent proposals have been acted upon for the "musical education of the clergy," and the present few of our competent musicianly priesthood have become the many, the resources of an artist may have other consideration than they now hold. There is yet another, and an indisputable advantage resultant from the unbroken union of words and music, which was exemplified on the field of Sadowa after the great fight that established the potency of Prussia. The tumult of the battle was stilled, the clangour of arms was hushed, twilight's gentle veil was drawn over the scene of slaughter, when there arose the sublime sounds of a nation's thanks, poured forth from the voices of a mighty, conquering people. The hymn of gratitude, "Nun danket alle Gott" was commenced, in the fullness of his heart, by one of the soldiery; with electric swiftness, the spirit that prompted this ebullition communicated itself from man to man, from rank to rank, until the entire mass of that almost countless army was moved by the same impulse, and tens upon tens of thousands joined in the

solemn song, their voices as much as their hearts in unison. The musical, the moral, the religious effect of this wondrous performance must have been awful in its beauty; it may be imagined, but silence is its only description. Had the host been of English men, the poem the best and fittest in our hymnology, the spirit the same which moved all men to utter it, could the like power to give and take each other's enthusiasm have impelled men who knew not whether to sing the words to any tune more or less suitable or unsuitable to their metre, which tune was only distinguished, but scarcely characterised, by the name of a city, or a saint, or a conventicle?

(To be continued.)

If the prevailing "collecting" mania were to attack the editor of a musical periodical, we can assert from experience, that he might have an amusing, if not an instructive, mass of specimens worthy of preservation in a very short time. Not only are letters bearing upon the art to which the journal is devoted sent to the paper, any one of which, if printed, would fill at least half the number, but communications upon subjects having nothing whatever to do with music are continually forwarded, and so carefully directed as to prevent the slightest notion of their having been sent to the wrong office. Many of these are, of course, abstractedly, of the highest interest: personally, for instance, we have the utmost sympathy with the late benevolent mission of Sir Moses Montefiore; we are glad to be enlightened as to new books in the press, and would do all in our power to assist the "Ship-wrecked Mariners' Society;" but, in our capacity as editor of a strictly musical paper, we fail to see how these matters can be alluded to in our columns. Then again, how difficult is the task of selecting and condensing those letters which by their nature are really entitled to consideration. One correspondent, perhaps, will send an account of a concert, clipped from a newspaper, which begins by announcing that "an interesting musical performance took place at the Town Hall last Thursday," but without furnishing us with the slightest clue as to what town the Hall belongs to, or what particular Thursday is intended. Another will come with the "compliments" of a vocalist, drawing our attention exclusively to the portion of the critique where he or she is praised. Then fulsome laudations of artists, written by themselves or their friends, are boldly sent in manuscript, with an intimation that they have been constant subscribers for many years; and even comic singers appear scarcely able to see that the *Musical Times* has a circulation amongst a class hardly sympathetic enough with their efforts before the public to be of any benefit to them. But perhaps the greatest difficulty that we experience is in remorselessly cutting out the "fine writing" of our correspondents. We know, that in doing this, we are lacerating their feelings to a cruel extent; but our duty must be done; and, like the surgeon who performs, from necessity, an equally painful operation, we always hope that, if the patient recover, he will be all the better for it afterwards. This "fine writing" is rather an epidemic of the day; and, if not checked in time, will be likely to spread with alarming rapidity. In America, it is perhaps even more prevalent than in England. A Chicago writer, for instance, who was much affected by the play, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, says, "There are passages in it which

thunder at the heart like the booming of the Atlantic tide, and drown it in floods of bitter tears:" and an admiring editor, speaking of the oratory of a preacher, writes "I have repeatedly heard the most famous man in America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men."

Our English critics, especially in the Provinces, evidently fancy that they have not done their duty if, in chronicling the performance of the *Messiah* or *Elijah*, for instance, they do not fall into raptures of half a column over the genius of Handel or Mendelssohn; and this is usually done, too, as if they had really discovered the beauties of these works themselves, and were recommending them to the general public. We need scarcely say that the disease of "fine writing," of which we at this moment possess some very excellent specimens, is sure to exist in direct proportion to the intellect of the writer; and is so deceptive that a man who cannot write plain common sense, may fancy that he is a genius, when he lifts himself into the regions of hyperbole. A mental fog can thus be raised on any subject which may utterly obscure the plain reality—as in the instance of the ecstatic lover, who declared that if he had not on one occasion seen the object of his affections with a cold in her head, he should not have believed her to be mortal.

Amongst the communications which we daily receive may be mentioned the compositions of "constant readers," who desire us to deliver an opinion upon their work, and point out their errors. These are usually thrown into the form of Anthems, Psalm tunes and Chants; and, if even free from consecutive fifths, are generally so hopelessly bad in the harmony as to render the task of delivering an opinion a most thankless one. That such things should be sent to a public journal is a proof, we fear, of a low state of general musical knowledge; for assuredly, a child would not think of painting a conventional little cottage, with the smoke coming out of an intensely red chimney, and sending it to a fine-art journal, with a request that any little defects in the execution of the work might be corrected and commented upon.

Then we have continual offers of compositions by persons who have out-grown the necessity of seeking advice on their work, and will undertake to supply us with anything we want "for a consideration." A short time ago we were asked if we would name our terms for an original sacred piece—"say, for instance, a Sanctus, or something in that line." In these cases we trust that our "silence" will not imply "consent."

But two pamphlets, received a short time since, we are inclined to consider amongst the most extraordinary of our collection of curiosities. They appear to have been printed on behalf of the "General Orphan Home," in Dublin; and are, we presume, sent to us for review. At all events, as publicity is the object of their author, we have no hesitation in selecting from them, for the benefit, as we hope, of our readers. The first contains "Some remarks on the concluding italics in John viii., 6," in which the writer proves that the vernacular translation of the Scriptures leads to innumerable false interpretations of their meaning—that a knowledge of a certain "cycle of languages" is necessary in order to "evangelise the whole world;" and that

this knowledge cannot be obtained by the common people until they "leave off alcoholic drinks, and use Gingeret as a beverage." This "Gingeret," it appears, is to be the purifier of all earthly sins; and to raise mankind into a blissful state of comparative innocence, to aid in which benevolent object the second pamphlet is written, containing "Five Gingeret Songs." The first of these is supposed to be addressed by a wife to her intemperate husband, and is to be sung to the air of "Auld Robin Gray." The following lines relate to the days of their early love:—

When pretty castles rose in air,  
With laughter, mirth and jest;  
And thou didst seek, like careful wight,  
Thy Gingeret to test."

In recalling the bright future then before her, she feelingly says,

For was I not to tread life's path  
With Gingeret allied?

and afterwards, in a last powerful appeal, addresses him thus:—

I do not chide thee, dearest, no;  
I ask thee but to break  
These bonds that mar thy noble soul,  
And Gingeret to take.

The second is a martial song, to the tune "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" and is written for the soldiers in the "Temperance ranks." The last verse ends with this advice:

Be brave and steadfast in the fight,  
Thus God will help you with His might,  
Will surely guide your footsteps right,  
And Gingeret bestow.

The third, to the air "Willie, we have missed you," is a welcome from an expectant wife to her husband on his return, we presume, from a journey. Here we are told that the little ones were kept up until "their eyes began to wink;" but that they had all partaken of sparkling Gingeret, and "gone to sleep at last." The fourth is devoted to an enquiry where Pleasure is to be found; and concludes thus:—

Sometimes she roves the lonely dells,  
Sometimes in crowded cities dwells;  
The peasant's cot oft times she'll share  
With Gingeret she's ev'ry where.

The fifth is headed "Gingeret Trio" from *Die Zauberflöte*—Mozart; the concluding four lines of which will be our last selection from these Temperance Lyrics:

Thro' virtue's sacred paths ascending  
Truth's steady light our steps attending,  
We learn to love good Gingeret,  
And find our minds unclouded yet.

We remember an American editor who, after noticing some excellent wine, which had been forwarded to him for that purpose, concluded by saying that he had partaken of the sample with much pleasure, and would have no objection to reviewing another dozen of the same quality. We beg to assure our readers that no specimen of the miraculous Gingeret has reached our office; but in the pamphlets we have quoted from appears the following advertisement: "How to make Gingeret of the best quality. Price One Halfpenny, or 3d. per dozen," so that there can be no excuse for not at once testing its invigorating powers.

#### MR JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR.

APART from the intrinsic attraction of this choir,—which last season made so favourable an impression by a single performance as to excite the most sanguine expectations of its future,—the concert which took place at St. James's Hall on the 12th ult., contained so many of the